



**TURPIN's Edition of WRIGHT's Spiritual
Songs and Poems for Children.**

Price SIX-PENCE, bound and gilt,

SPIRITUAL SONGS
Mary FOR *Linney*
CHILDREN:

her O R, *Book*
P O E M S
Dec ON SEVERAL *29*
SUBJECTS and OCCASIONS.

1796
By J. WRIGHT.

ADORNED WITH CUTS

L O N D O N

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**A Poetical Soliloquy ; or, a Believer triumph-
ing under Troubles.**



SPIRITUAL SONGS
FOR
CHILDREN.

*A Poetical Soliloquy ; or, a Believer triumphing
under Troubles.*

WHY art thou sad, my soul, this day,
The Lord himself hath made thy way ;
Wait but a while, and thou shalt see,
His love in all that comes to thee.
Methinks I hear his pleasant voice,
Commanding thee for to rejoice ;
Though world and satan, law and sin
Combine to make thee dark within :
Whilst providence bids joy depart,
The promise brings it to thine heart.

A 3

God

God in his outward acts may frown,
When he in love sends comfort down.
Sometimes with thorns he compass thee,
And blasts thee with calamity :
Yet, by and by, he will revive,
And make thy soul, like corn, to thrive.
He lets old *Adam* do his part,
And so thereby convince thy heart,
That leprosy in thee remains,
And by this means thy pride restrains,
He gives and takes away his own,
That unto 'I hee it may be shewn,
Thou art but tenant at his will,
The right in him remaining still.
When thou hast on Mount *Tabor* been,
And there his glory thou hast seen ;
He turns thee down from off the hill,
But yet he doth support thee still.
These are the changes ty'd to time,
But after these there's joy sublime ;
When pale fac'd death hath done his part,
Then lasting life shall fill thy heart.
When thou dost mount above the stars,
Thou shalt have freedom from all jars :
Thy poverty, thy sin, and fears,
Shall drop away with all thy tears.

In

In all the shining orbs above,
There's nothing but triumphant love :
Cold doubtings and perplexity,
Together with thy dust must die.
On bubbles here thou sett'st thy mind,
And they are broke with ev'ry wind ;
And that which thou dost beauty call,
To-morrow will to ashes fall.
But when thy soul is once unty'd,
Thy pleasure then will all abide ;
Thou shalt with saints and angels sing,
A winter once, but now a spring.
The upper court no temple knows,
No prayers, nor religious vows ;
For there ail worship is but one,
And that is praise to God alone.
When thou art got above the sun,
Thou shalt not ask how glasses run ;
Thy life will undivided be,
And all in one thy soul shall see.
The Lord will be thy lasting light,
And Jesus ever in thy sight.
O then, my soul, come take thy flight,
And, if God will, begone this night.

A Journey from this World to the World
behind the Curtain.



*A Journey from this World to the World
behind the Curtain.*

TIS known to all this world is full of grief,
I almost think 'tis but a civil thief;
It offers much, but little doth it give;
How can I choose in such a world to live?
'Tis froward, peevish, changing, full of turns,
Sometimes it freezes, by and by it burns:
It shews be dainty things, but whilst that I
Upon them gaze, they slightly pass me by:
Much like a flea that skips upon my hand,
But yet it will not be at my command.
When I upon this world did meditate,
I quickly found it always came too late,
To help me in a strait, or else too soon;
For when I wanted, it was always gone.
So much distracted I went on;
To seek another world when this was done:
I went a little way and there I found,
A piece of blessed consecrated ground,
Where ev'ry dweller doth in safety lye,
And yet no man can claim a property:
'Tis common unto all without a stain,
'Tis water'd too without one drop of rain.

No

No creature's goodness can a title give,
But all must on the Donor's mercy live :
The worst of sinner's here, may have a part,
Provided they lye in the Donor's heart.
I saw old *Adam* there, who by his fall,
Defil'd a world, and so condemn'd us all ;
He shines as much as any of the rest,
And *Eve* herself with happiness is blest ;
And *Abram* too, that did his wife deny,
Is beautify'd with all felicity ;
And *Lot*, who did his daughters dear defile,
Is always look'd on with a pleasing smile ;
Although his wife for making of one halt.
Was therefore turn'd into a heap of salt.
Sampson was but a halting man in life,
And all his days were exercis'd in strife ;
Yet he is here set down in lasting peace,
And vexing *Delilah* from him doth cease :
But being there, I thought I would go on,
To see if I could find King *Solomon*,
Who had a thousand objects of delight,
To charm his senses, and to blind his sight ;
And tho' 'tis strange that such an one as he,
Should enter there, yet there I did him see,
No more to be defil'd by heathen rout ;
He, taken in, and all his wives shut out.

And

And thousands more with these do daily join,
There's constant access to this world divine ;
And some that went with crutches all their days,
In passing thither make no long delays.
But yet I was not fully satisfy'd.

I thought there was another sort that dy'd,
Of whom in this sweet place I none could see,
And yet I knew they could not cease to be :
To know the state of these I had a mind,
Which in the present world is hard to find ;
For gross debauchees, drunkards, and the train,
Of open sinners, doubtless they're in pain :
The doubt I had was of some other men,
Who seem to make their way 'twixt grace and
 sin,

That choose an honest path, and dealing just :
That chaste were born, and never stain'd with
 lust :

Who all-devouring avarice decry,
And give themselves to works of charity :
Who live as blameless as the brave young man,
Who came to Christ with a Do this I can.
Concerning these my soul did then enquire,
The answer was, They sated were with fire ;
For tho' they shone in a self-righteous dress,
They were not clad with spotless righteousness ;
But

But cheated their own souls in doing well,
And so tho' good, yet not too good for hell.

This was a solemn journey which I took,
And the memoirs thereof are in God's book;
Salvation now I see to be by grace,
And sovereignty doth here alone take place.

*A Poetical Exercise on the Author's Journey into
Middlesex, and to the famous City of London.*

LONDON! What's *London*? 'Tis a world
of things,

It charms the peasant, and bewitches kings;
It entertains the student with delights,
And puts the criminal in many frights.

London? What's *London*? 'Tis a world of men,
And in this world, there is a world of sin;
The worst of villany doth here find place,
Yet in this town there is a world of grace.

London! What's *London*? 'Tis a world of pride,
Frizels and furbelows on ev'ry side;
Patches like moles, and powder'd wigs like
snow,

Ladies like peacocks, with their gallants go:

Pro-

FOR CHILDREN.

13

A Poetical Exercise on the Author's Journey
into Middlesex, &c.



B

14 SPIRITUAL SONGS

Professor and profane are sunk alike,
 There are but few that dare the serpent strike;
 And those that do, have but few thanks from
 these,
 Whose wanton dresses they with zeal oppose.
 In *London* you may many sermons hear,
 All sorts of preachers pitch their dwellings
 there;
 Some preach the law, and some the gospel
 shew,
 Some so mix them, that we can neither know.
 Both *Jews* and *Gentiles* worship their own way,
 Some chant with organ, and with whirlgigs
 pray:
 The *Jews* are veil'd whilst they do sweetly sing,
 And spread the law with mighty triumphing:
 Yet in their gestures little doth appear,
 But mirth or vanity: 'Tis very rare,
 To find a pensive look or mournful eye;
 Amongst them all in their captivity.
London, is full of buildings, tall and fair,
 Brave halls and hospitals, with some good air,
 For poor and lame, for maimed, and for sick,
 For mad, distracted, and for lunatick:
 These last in *Bedlam* you may see, and there,
 Some sing, some cry, and some do curse and
 swear.

Some

Some sit like stones, and some do pictures draw,
And some, like beasts, lye down on beds of
straw.

This sight would make a stony heart to bleed,
And cause the fearful to run out with speed.

Then view the *Tower* and the armour there,
'Twill make you think that all men fighters
are.

The breathless shapes of princes there do stand,
But cannot move the breadth of one poor hand.

Westminster Abbey doth their bones contain,
You trample on them, but they feel no pain.

In *Gresham* College wonders may be seen,
Of beasts and birds, fishes and serpents keen :

These works of God speak forth their author's
praise,

And serve good men their love to him to raise.
Look on the people as they pass along,

Mark well the numbers of the noisy throng :

You'll think the infants like the drops fall
down,

From clouds above to cover all the town.

If you observe the market's dainty store,

You'll say that most men love their bellies
more,

16 SPIRITUAL SONGS

Than him that made them ; yet if you again,
Look on the mouths, you cannot much complain.

Great multitudes are toiling a'll the day,
But things that perish bear the greatest sway ;
And others they of pleasure take their fill,
Fall back, fall edge, they fear not any ill.
Yet after all, 'Tis very vanity,
Poor men are faithless, rich men are a lye ;
Great beauty, learning, pleasure, wit and lust,
Must change their place, and quickly lie in dust.

What are fine garments in a glitt'ring day,
But splendid cases of corrupted clay ?
The best of food corrupted, is impure,
Fine rooms and gardens can't our health secure.

Give me a house that never will decay,
And garments that will never wear away :
Give me a friend that never will depart,
Give me a ruler that can rule my heart.

On

FOR CHILDREN. 17
On the Vanity of Temporal Things.



On the Vanity of Temporal Things.

UPON a time I took a sober view,
Of things below, that were both old
and new ;

For I had heard that a'll was vanity,
But still I long'd the truth of this to try.
I went to riches first, for they are prais'd,
And men by them from poverty are rais'd ;
They did n't know me, so I turn'd aside.
And as I went these words did from me slide :
The poor man's poverty is want of things,
This is the difference 'twixt him and kings ;
He's born as rich, and dies as rich as they,
Their only excellence is by the way.
I look'd on health, and thought it would me
pleate.

Whereas in this I found a great disease ;
'Twas busy all the day, but nothing wrought,
For him that gave it, so it came to nought.
I found the tradesman, waiting in his shop ;
The flanting lady, building up her top ;
The wealthy miser, counting up his gains ;
The sick and wounded, telling of their pains :
These all complain that they have much to do,
Yet most of them can never tell us how,
They

They profit whilst they live, and when they die,
We say no more of them, but here they lie.
Like swallows they into our climate come,
To build and breed, and nourish up their
young ;

When this is done they take their flight away,
And come no more until the judgment day.
Favour and beauty these are also vain,
And puts admirers to incessant pain ;
Who loves them, never shall of them be sure,
And when enjoy'd they cannot long endure.
But being sick of these, I turn'd my eye,
Unto the learned tribe ; for sure thought I,
These men are wise, and wisdom will improve,
But they were useless whilst their pens did
move ;

For tho' they had the nurture of the schools,
They came from thence but more accomplish'd
fools.

Yet though I saw a vanity in arts,
I had a better thought of gospel parts ;
But then I found a moth in them to dwell,
A man may have them, and yet go to hell.
I pass'd from these, to honours and renoues,
To palace royals, and majestick crowns ;

They

They stood so high, I could not see them well,
But presently they dy'd, and down they fell ;
And tho' before 'would take a giant's fight,
For to survey them, now a pigmie might.
When these were past, I thought I would en-
quire,

How love and friendship might a soul inspire :
I went on softly, making here and there
Designed pauses, for I went in fear ;
Yet having seen much vanity before,
I thought there might in these be something
more ;

But here, alas ! was no security ;
For these had learn'd how to deceive and lie ;
And here I saw both heat and cold to dwell ;
Sometimes they draw, and sometimes they re-
pel :

At last I came to covenants and vows,
Expecting fruit upon those woven boughs ;
Yet there I found nothing but compliment,
And thread bare stuff, whose texture soon was
rent.

But Jesus Christ is substance, he alone ;
In him all riches sweetly meet in one ;
He is enough to fill the soul's desire,
And turn his love into an holy fire.

On

An Hymn on Eternity.



AN HYMN ON ETERNITY.

If. xliii. 10. 13.*Mal.* iii. 6.

Eternity did ne'er begin.
 'Tis always now and yet :
 It changeth not by chance and lot,
 'Tis in *Jehovah* set.

If. xlvi. 10.

Eternity sets all things down,
 That time should bring about ;
 It nam'd the men now damn'd for
 sin,
 And chose the saved out.

Rev. xiii. 8.*Prov.* viii. 22,

23.

If. liii. 6.

Eternity said Christ should die,
 For such as God did love ;
 It laid on him the weight of sin,
 That it might sin remove.

Cant. iv. 7.

Eternity hath passed by
 The sin that Christ did bear ;
 By a surety it willingly
 Made sin to disappear.

Heb. vii. 22.*Jer.* l. 20.*If.* liv. 9. 10.*Psal.* lxxxix. 28.

Eternity will ne'er let fly,
 An arrow in the face
 Of those that under Jesus lie ;
 They shall be sav'd by grace.
 Eternity

Eternity decreed the lie,
 By which proud *Abab* fell;
 And laid its hands upon the man
 That did our Jesus sell.

1 Km. xvii. 20,
21.
Act. iv. 27, 28.

Eternity did hate the lie
 The evil spirit mov'd;
 By which we see it did decree
 The thing it never lov'd.

1 Job. ii. 21.

Eternity did justify
 All those for whom Christ dy'd;
 Yet they in time have faith di-
 vine
 To shew them justify'd.

2 Theff. ii. 11.
12.
Rom. viii. 33,
34. con. with
Job xxiii. 13.
Mat. xi. xxi.
Heb. xi. 1.

Eternity did fixedly
 Appoint how we should grow,
 By waterings, and daly springs,
 While we are here be ow.

Jer. xxxi. 3.
Is. xlii. 19.

Eternity hath set the bounds
 Of all our dwellings here;
 The place, the grace, and light
 of face
 That shall to us appear.

A. xvii. 26.

I. s. li. 3.
 Eternity

- Gal. i.* 15, 16. Eternity hath set the day,
To call us out of sin ;
- A7s* xiii. 48. It likewise did appoint the way,
And means to bring us in.
- Is.* xlviii. 8. Eternity was never blind
About our slips, and fore ;
- Pf.* cxxxix. 2. It fixed the way, and time of
day,
When sin should make us poor.
- Gen.* xxiv. 14. Eternity hath noted down
Our yoke fellow and child ;
And whether cross, or gain, or
loss,
Most holy, or most wild.
- Gen.* xvi. 11, 12. Eternity hath nam'd the day
Job vii. 1. Of meeting, and of death ;
1 Ss. xxviii. 19. And it hath marked out the way
Ezek. xxiv. 16, 18. Of sending forth the breath.
- 1 Tim.* vi. 6. Eternity is set so high,
No man can come to it,
It doth despise the eagle's eye,
And sharpness of man's wit.
Eternity

Eternity will not declare *Job. xxxiii. 13.*

The reason of its ways ;

Then let it now our hearts pre-
pare,

To give it mighty praise. *Prov. xvi. 1.*

Eternity that cannot lie,

Hath sworn, and can't go
back ;

The soul that doth these things
apply,

Shall live, and never lack. *Jhn vi. 35.*

C

The

The discontented World.



The DISCONTENTED WORLD.

WHEN I was thinking how this world
doth walk,
I heard a noise which many men can talk ;
By which they please themselves, and others
too,

But talk alone no mighty things can do.
But hearing still, I still the further went,
To see if I could see the pearl content ;
I heard the thing discours'd amongst the crew,
Yet none could prove he had contentment true.
The miser who hath coffers full of gold,
And heaps of cash that scarcely can be told,
Is reaching still at more with greedy eyes,
And never knows where true contentment lies.
The man that hath estates both fair and large,
Will grumble at the greatness of his charge ;
His neighbour's vineyard he doth much de-
fire,

For his own water cannot quench his fire :
And he that is through honour swell'd with
pride,

His heart is such that he can ne'er abide ;

To see another mount with wings of fame ;
And therefore strives to blast his neighbour's
name.

And others which have dressed very fine,
And sweetly painted their corrupted shrine,
Will angry be, if other persons grow
Into a fashion which they do not know.
And some who in their labours pine away,
Whilst others flourish, and their beams display,
Do gnash their teeth, to see the silver run
To other purses, and themselves undone :
Some seeing others very much belov'd
Above themselves, at this are greatly mov'd,
But cannot help themselves, by all their wit,
And so at last, like fools, in silence sit.
The buyer thinks the seller stands too high,
And in his anger vows he'll ne'er comply ;
His anger makes the other angry too,
And deceives both in what they thought to do,
Another man he takes a handsome wife,
Whose beauty was the mistress of his life ;
But when the dust upon this bloom remain,
He longs to have it turn'd to dust again.
The wife is discontent when she suppose
Her husband's love doth with another close :

A jealous thought creates a foul disease,
And makes a rage that gifts will not appease.
The comely virgin she would wedded be,
The man she loves is not, at present, free ;
This hard denial cuts her at the heart,
And gives a wound beyond the surgeon's art ;
The tradesman sees his neighbour's trade advance,

And though he thinks that all men have their chance ;

His fortune, as he calls it, being poor,
He looks with envy on his neighbour's door ;
The children that have loving parents dear,
Are oft possessed with a slavish fear ;
Lest others should be more indulg'd than they,
And through such thoughts their parents disobey.

The servant murmurs at his daily toil,
And this doth make his master's anger boil :
So discontent is rais'd in both their minds,
And they are tossed by quite contrary winds.
The learned man that boasteth of his arts,
And by improvement strains his thinking parts ;
Is griev'd to find, he doth not yet know all,
And by this means to discontent doth fall.

Most loving friends do often ill surmise,
Because some make-bae doth the truth disguise ;

And so thereby an evil is begot,
To grieve each other for they know not what.
The most of men are discontented here,
Because they meet with things they cannot bear ;

Sometimes the things themselves are really ill ;

Sometimes they make them so, by musing still.
The only cure of gnawing discontent,
Is to submit the will, and have it bent,
To God's disposal, ruling ev'ry thing,
The poorest subject, and the richest King.

The CONTENTED MAN.

I Being call'd to travel in a way,
Where those that go enjoy but little day ;
I thought I should not be discourag'd quite,
If I could find but one thing in the night :
The thing I long'd too see was sweet content,
A thing I had not found where'er I went ;

At

The contented Man.



At last I met a man whose lot was small,
But yet he said, he had content withal.
At this my soul began to mount with wings,
Expecting now to hear of many things
I never found in all my way before,
And so I rested at the good man's door.
We quickly fell into some serious talk,
And then he led me to a private walk ;
And with a chearful mind began to tell,
What food he had that made him look so well .
Says he, I speak it to the praise of grace,
I am contented in the state and place,
My God hath set me in, because I see,
My Father's hand in all that comes to me.
I know my God is sovereign lord of all,
And so an hair from me can never fall,
But by the virtue of his wise decree ;
And this, contentment sweet, doth give to me.
I think again, altho' I am but poor,
I have no cause to pine ; for I have more
Than all the angels that at once did fall ;
For I have grace, and they have none at all.
The rich I envy not, because they have
The things of time, as much as heart can
crave ;

'Tis

'Tis to be fear'd they have their portion now,
But mine is kept for me they know not how.
And what if I were rich, and righteous too,
I am not sure what good my gold would do ;
I might be rich, to lay up for mine own,
And yet be poor where bounty should be shewn,
For though I think, I have no idol now,
Perhaps a golden wedge might make me bow ;
And I might be ador'd by those that love
An earthen God, more than the God above.
And so I might in time acquainted be,
With those that hate both Jesus Christ and me ;
And lower glory always in my sight,
Would make the higher to appear less bright.
I know I don't deserve my present bread,
Because I lost it in mine ancient head ;
I had enough in him, but there I fell,
And 'tis by grace, I am not now in hell.
But thanks to mercy, I can praise again,
Because the Lamb of God for me was slain ;
When I am hungry, he is bread to me ;
And when I thirst, the well of life is free.
When pain and sickness do my clay invade,
I think 'twas mercy still, that I was made ;
And when *Jehovah's* sword doth touch my skin,
I think it mercy that it goes not in :

And

And if he gives me stripes upon my fore,
I think it is by grace I have no more ;
And when my father doth exalt his rod,
I fall down low, and cry, thou art my God.
It humbles me to think, that though I use
But little of this world, yet I abuse
A great deal of that little, so that I
Have cause to go in mourning till I die.
And when my father doth remove my friends,
I know it is for wise and holy ends ;
And though it runs against my fleshly will,
I know my father is my father still.
And so I am content in ev'ry thing,
And in some measure subject to my king ;
For this subjection always makes me free,
And so by stooping more, the more I see.
Thus I have shewn my treasure unto you,
And to'd you how my soul is framed now ;
Let Jesus Christ, for this, have lasting praise,
And let his love guide my remaining days.

SELF-

FOR CHILDREN.

35

SELF-LOVE.



SELF-LOVE.

Amongst the restless thoughts which I have had,

I did enquire, what makes this world so bad :
At last in seeking, I did find a thing,
Which ruleth all, and therefore must be king,
There is a thing that comes not from above,
But from beneath, which may be call'd self-love ;

'Tis justly called so, my pen hath hit
The very white, for that's the name of it :
The great *Mogul* and *Cham* which do appear,
Such mighty monarchs, pay a tribute here.
The *Turk* and *Pope*, as lofty as they be,
Are always crown'd upon this ruler's knee.
Tho' whigs and tories be each other's foes,
And act in divers circles, yet they close
In this great center, and at last do fall
Upon the point of wishing self had all.
The crafty merchant tho' he doth pretend,
To love his country, and oblige his friend :
His prime enquiry doth respect his gains,
And whether they will countervail his pains.

My

My neighbour doth my daily wants espy,
And tells me of them with a smiling eye;
But self lies at the bottom, for, thinks he,
Perhaps my neighbour now will buy of me.
The lawyer by his universal love,
To sue for justice, will the grieved move:
But what cares he, which of them gets the pelf;
He is resolved to enrich himself.
The churchman grants the cure of souls to be
The greatest cure, yet when he comes to see
A dainty living that's about to fall,
He judges this, the greatest cure of all.
The learned doctor courts his patient's health,
And by one simple might restore this wealth;
But yet if angels dance, and guineas play,
He'll give him compounds to his dying day.
The man who hath some sparks of moral sense,
Will pity those that meet with hard events,
Because he thinks it will procure him fame,
And hopes to meet with comfort in the same.
A man commends his loving friend so long,
As he perceives the knot on both sides strong;
But when returns of love begin to cease,
Self-love commands him then to hold his peace,
The youthful spark he courts his mistress, why?
Because compleatness doth in union lie;

D

Plea-

Pleasure or profit, doth excite each one,
If these be wanting, she may dwell alone.
A rich man dying, many will enquire,
What is his will, and what his last desire ?
They do not ask, that they may learn to die,
But in some hopes he hath not pass'd them by.
The husbandman delights in pleasant rain,
Not for his neighbours, but his private gain;
For if the dew upon his fleece might lie,
He'd seldom weep to see another's dry.
The distant owner, hearing ships are lost,
Is griev'd, for fear it should be to his cost;
But when he comes to hear his own is well,
He grieves no more, nor asks how many fell.
The legal zealot many things will do,
He'll serve himself, and serve another too;
By living well, he thinks to win the prize,
And self alone shall have his sacrifice.
And some that have no need, complain of want,
To those whose bread they know to be but scant;
Lest they should something from their hands
expect,
And so by lying, cover their neglect.
This subtle self will soon forgive a wrong,
To those that charm it with a lively song.
Tell

Tell it of corn and wine, 'twill quickly hear,
But give it nothing, it will nothing bear.
To wind up all, I fear that self should lead
Me to explain it under ev'ry head;
For through another, I can plainly see,
That self hath always been too hard for me.

The DYING INFANT.

OF all the doleful sights which I have seen,
And doleful places, where my feet have
been
There's none that in my thoughts commands a
room,
More than the viewing of an infant's tomb.
To tax the guiltless is a thing unjust,
And hard to sentence innocents to dust:
I know no law that smites before we sin;
No judge condemns, till evidence comes in.
Without a law no creature could transgress,
Where rule is wanting, there is no excess:
Without transgression, none can justly die,
But babes have sin, as well as you and I.

The Dying Infant.



As *Adam* was the common head of all,
So all his sons are charged with his fall :
The fountain of our nature was in him,
And so his poison tainted every limb :
Infants are limbs of him, and they are clad,
With all the parts which their first father had,
Who, by his fall, have lost their moral strength;
For all men are but *Adam* drawn at length.
If a whole lump of gold was made impure,
And base in every part, then we are sure,
That ev'ry inch of wire, tho' ne'er so small,
That's drawn from thence, will be impure
withal.

A single drop divided from the rest
Of the salt ocean, hath a brackish taste;
And if a thousand drops from it should run,
The nature of the whole would be in one.
The least of men is man, and so contains,
The cause of sorrow, sicknesses and pains.
Infants are drops of *Adam's* filthy blood,
The whole was naught, how should the parts
be good ?

The stock was guilty of a great offence,
The branches then can have no just pretence,
To clear themselves from blame till they can shew,
They are no parts of that on which they grew.

If babes could prove themselves indeed to be
No sprigs of him that tasted of the tree,
Which God forbad, then they might tru'y
say

Why should we dye? we did not disobey.
But if the infant should come forth to plead,
Its non-consenting with its fallen head:
The law would stop its mouth with its own lid,
And say, thou art a piece of him that did.
Thou hast consenting nature in thee still,
And that's the cause of all consent of will:
I judge the cause of sin, a sin to be;
Because to sin, it makes the sinner free.
And tho' with *Cain*, thou never yet didst spill
Thy brother's blood, nor wish another ill;
Thou hast a nature which in time would cause
Thy hands and heart to break my sacred laws.
To have a root of bitterness in thee,
Is worse than bitter fruit upon the tree;
For tho' one sin committed makes a sore,
The spawn of all will make a thousand more.
Thy nature is a sin-conceiving womb,
From whence enormous births do always come:
And thou art pregnant now with ev'ry crime,
Which elder persons do bring forth in time.
And

And tho' thy days but few in number be,
They do entail eternity on thee:
Thy little dust must in the grave remain,
But at the judgment thou shalt rise again.
Is this the case of infants? Then say I,
Without a Jesus, they can ne'er come nigh,
That God whom scripture stiles the holy one,
And holiness, by nature they have none.
But yet thro' Christ, an infant may receive
Pardon of sin, altho' it can't believe;
Grace acts on passives, as the scripture saith,
And we are such in our receiving faith.
Then let us leave our infants in that hand,
Which hath all beings under its command;
Who will have mercy in a way unknown,
And never loseth those which are his own.

Labour in Vain.



LABOUR IN VAIN.

AS I was walking in a sun-shine day,
When pleasing rays of light their wings
display ;

Betwixt the shades, I saw the atoms move,
Some sinking down, whilst others rise above.

Upon attentive view they seem'd to be

Inclin'd to union, yet I could not see,

'These motes to join ; for when they did draw
near,

The wind arose, which drove them here and
there.

At this my thinking soul was seiz'd with pain,

Because I saw their labour was in vain ;

But yet I thought it worth my time to stay,

To see these atoms busy at their play :

They play'd for nothing, yet did sometimes
win,

But those that gain'd, could never bring it in,

To fix it as they would but by and by,

Another gamester comes his arts to try :

When

When he had play'd awhile and nothing won,
His fellows cry'd that they were quite undone:
Yet those that did the greatest loss sustain,
Lost nothing but the dreams of empty gain.
Some rose betimes, and labour'd hard all day,
And in the evening play'd it all away:
Others left heaps of treasure when they fell,
To their succeeding mates, but none could tell;
How long uncertain glory would endure:
So they had nothing, since they'd nothing sure.
Some atoms did their fellow-mates surprize,
And jeer'd the rest, because they wanted eyes:
And in their gallop rode as if they flew,
But in a moment fell, they knew not how.
The greatest sands indeed outweighed the rest,
Yet still the biggest seldom were the best;
And tho' their prudence hated to be poor,
Their reaching folly made them sink the more:
The finest exercise these atoms knew,
Is but to catch the flies that bred below;
And pressing many into little room,
They bruise them all before they get them
home;
When this is done, they cast them all away,
Hoping for better luck another day:

The

The day comes on, and they catch many more,
But meet the same success they had before.
Another pretty game those moles do show,
Is by an hook to pull each other low ;
Sometimes their bait takes fish, yet they complain,

And when there's none, they lay it down again.
If angling will not do, they take a gun,
To shoot the fish, which in the water run ;
Which being kill'd, do sink into the mud,
So all is lost, and they have done no good.
When any of these atoms in compare,
With other atoms do more bright appear ;
To compass these, there is a deal to do,
And when 'tis done, 'tis but a trifle too.
Like butterflies, they pass the summer through,
And leave their spawn almost on ev'ry bough :
But when the frost of winter make them white,
They pass away like vapours out of sight.
Some of these thinking atoms try to found,
Eternal mansions on a sinking ground :
'Tis all in vain, their houses can't pretend
To last for ever, they must have an end.
At last I spy'd a number on a hill,
Of these small moles, and each would have his
will ;

One

One said, I will have this, another that,
And he that had most flesh, would have most
fat :

From words they fell to blows, and fought it
out ;

From blows to words, and so they tack'd about.
Thus what the morning found, the evening
lost,

And each was entertain'd at his own cost :
For when I came to count up all their gain,
I found that all their labour was in vain.
So I returning home, resolv'd to be,
As watchful as I could that I might see,
My labour was not so, in him whom I
Desire to serve, with patience, till I die.

*God's negative Voice upon the Creature's
Choice.*

WHEN I would fain have slept in perfect
peace,

And so commanded all my thoughts to cease :
That they might never ask the reason, why
Some objects touch, and others can't come nigh ?
Whilst

God's negative Voice upon the Creature's
Choice.



Whilst I was striving thus to check the stream,
I was surprized with a teaching dream,
Wherein I thought I heard an angel say,
There is a voice which all things shall obey.
I quickly thought, 'twas not the voice of law,
For this doth make but few to stand in awe;
No, no, saith he, there is another voice,
Which helps to choose, and yet denies the
choice.

At this I trembling stood, but could not tell,
How to reply, the angel spake so well.
Consider then, said he, 'tis work for thought,
Do but observe, and proof will soon be brought:
King David did a lawful thing request,
When he desir'd to build a place of rest.
For *Jacob's* God, God help'd him to project,
But yet deny'd that he should this effect.
'This instance, tho' but one, may serve for all
The multitude of lawful things that fall;
And come to nought, for want of a decree,
To make them stand like things that are to be.
Suppose a thousand steps were marked out
Into the end of what you are about;
Tho' God deny'd the end, yet you might run
Nine hundred ninety-nine, that's all but one:
That

That one you cannot stride ; for there's the
word

Of God's decree stands like a flaming sword ;
To keep the way, and you from your desire,
So all this while you labour in the fire.

Sometimes a ship that's for the haven bound
Doth sail a thousand leagues, and feels no
ground ;

Yet by and by she falls upon a rock,
Where God intends to give the fatal shock.
The advocate you choose to plead your cause,
May be accomplished well in human laws ;
But yet if providence design your loss,
Some word shall fail, some sentence shall run
cross.

If means, tho' ne'er so good, have been apply'd,
Yet oftentimes success has been deny'd ;
Tho' instruments have far excell'd in skill,
No art could ever alter heaven's will.
When all things in conjunction lend their hand,
To raise a mount, and make that mountain
stand ;

So far as God determines them, they act,
But where he stops, they cease in every fact.
When massy gold is set before men's eyes,
And they exert their strength to win the prize ;

There is an hand that lays a secret stone,
And so they fall before the prize is won.
Sometimes the wills of two are strongly set,
To make but one, and nothing may it let;
But this forbidding voice doth make them stay,
Revokes the choice, and turns't another way.
Another time some matters are propos'd,
Which men of wisdom say, shall ne'er be clos'd;
But God denies their negative, and then,
The thing is done, in spite of gods and men.
If black designs be manag'd ne'er so well,
In strong alliance with the blacks of hell;
There is a stake, that cuts off this career,
And strikes the riders with a pannick fear.
The angels which do stand before the throne,
Can tell the truth of this from one to one;
For by the strength of this denying voice,
Themselves are kept from an unlawful choice.
The noble fabrick of this earthly globe,
That's always crown'd with an expanded robe,
Would fall to ruin, break on ev'ry side,
But for that word which hath this thing deny'd.
The damned ones in hell wou'd cease to be,
And choose non-entity, but this decree
Denies that nothing-state which they desire,
Because it hath reserved them for fire.

Then

Then let my will be subject to this word,
'Tis vain to run against *Jehovah's* sword;
Let his preceptive will become my choice,
Whilst I am fixed by his negant voice.

The Poor Man's Province.

I Rose betimes, to go I knew not where,
By even-tide, I found that I was there;
And as I went, I fell upon a strand,
Where all men do obey, but none command.
I ask'd the name of this unpleasant shore,
They said, it is the province of the poor;
And lies upon the coast of want and wrong,
Which you will find, as you do pass along.
I went on still an easy country jog,
But presently I met a dismal fog,
Which grew so dark I could not see my way,
And made me fall upon my knees to pray:
Before I did begin, I look'd about,
To see if I could spy a cushion out;
But there alas! was nothing to be found,
But sighs and sobs upon the naked ground:
E 3 I thought

The Poor Man's Province,



I thought 'twas something hard, but yet at last,
I did conclude to stay, night came so fast;
And when I thought I would refresh my soul,
The country yielded neither fish nor fowl.
So nature being weary fought to please
Itself with sleep, but there was little ease;
For lying down upon a feltred flock,
It yielded to me like a flinty rock.
The morning came, the sun went on his race,
But pinching wants appear'd in every place.
There was a talk of plenty that was nigh,
But still the people had no cash to buy.
Abundance of good things went up and down,
And choice provisions passed through the town;
Yet those that lived there could do no more,
Than just behold them running past the door.
Whilst I was forced here to make abode,
I found old rags and tatters alamode;
And those that got new cloaths never had
A penny for their old, they were so bad.
Charcoal and billet never touch their fire,
Such costly things they must not once desire;
'Tis well if they can get some fuel in,
By fleaing of the earth, to burn its skin.
Rich carpets and fine hangings don't become
Their drooping cottages, yet they have some

Resemblance of such glory on their walls,
Where cobwebs hang and spiders get their falls.
Instead of silver plate, an earthen dish,
And little there to put, except a wish
Of some good dainties, as the rich enjoy;
Whilst hope and hunger do their peace destroy.
I saw no feasting all the time I staid,
But now and then there is a visit paid;
To tell each other they are very poor,
A story which they knew too well before.
When straits are very great, they often try,
To beg or borrow, which will best comply
With those to whom they make their sad address,
But when they borrow much they pay the less.
When they fall out, they'll speak as big as
those

Who have it in their hands for to oppose;
But after all, no chanc'ry suits they know,
For they are sain to end it all below.
There is no trading here, for trade must trust,
And trust they cannot, for their starving must
Come next in place, so they are bound to live
Upon the crumbs which God doth daily give.
Would they be frugal, they have nought to
spare,

So their condition doth impede their care;

To

To spin out nothing is the strangest pull,
And none can do't, for nothing hath no wool.
And some designing men, who love their gold,
Ride thro' this province, as I have been told,
To grind the faces of these wretched souls,
Whilst they themselves drink wine in lussy
bowls.

When I was mounted for to come away,
Behind a bush, I heard one of them say,
Christ, and a crust, Lord, sanctify to me,
Can I be poor, who have a right to thee?
At this mine heart began to leap indeed,
For now I thought, grace might consist with
need;

And if the Lord be pleas'd to make me one
Of his poor flock, I shall not be undone.

TRUE

True Love.



TRUE LOVE.

IN going thro' this wilderness of tears,
Where human hopes are always mix'd with
fears;

In dumpish silence, as I pass'd along,
I thought I heard one sing a pleasant song.
It was not raw, but grave and well compos'd,
And all its parts were very neatly clos'd;
Whilst I was wand'ring, looking still about,
I cast an eye, and found a shepherd out.
I ask'd him, why he was so merry there,
Since this is nothing but a world of fear;
'Tis true, faith he, yet I can live above
The fear of all, for I have found true love.
I pau'd a while, and ponder'd what he said,
But yet to ask him more I was afraid,
Which he perceiv'd; come then, faith he, I'll
tell

You what it is, and why I sing so well.
'Tho' I am here sometimes, I know a place
Where true love dwells, which is the nurse of
grace:

I'm

I'm often there, and there I love to be,
Where force was never known, but all are free.
Kind heart, and lowly are its constant friends,
Thankful, and think no ill, without bye-ends,
Wait on its honour, with a p'leasing smile;
Great truth, and joy attending all the while.
Courage and wisdom always go before,
Good nature meets them, to unlock the door;
Speak but for one, you shall be sure of ten,
To come behind, and welcome true love in,
Which being plac'd, they all expect to hear
Some sweet discourse that's winning, plain and
clear.

With charming meekness cloathing ev'ry word,
Expert in war, but loth to use the sword.

Ask what you will, it never can deny,
And always gives to those that cannot buy;
It loves not much intreaty; that's indeed
Too low, for such a virtue once to need.

'Tis flexible and easy to be gain'd;
'Twill yield a deal, before it will be stain'd
With self conceit, a vice it ever fears,
Because it is the way to many snares.

'Tis always glad when others do rejoice,
And mourns with those that have a mournful
voice;

And

And when it sees the troubled full of grief,
It never scoffs, but studies their relief;
It seeks no starting holes, nor paltry shifts,
For to revoke its grants, and former gifts;
Addition is an art in which 'tis full,
And ready too, but at subtraction dull.
No silver bribes can draw its heart awry,
Nor golden baits allure it to a lye;
'Twill sink with truth, if truth lie in the ditch,
Rather than choose a falshood to be rich.
It does not act by fits, but keeps a pace
That's even, smooth, and sure in all its race;
And if it be obstructed over night,
It is more active in the morning light.
Sometimes 'tis misus'd, but that's a shame,
For those that do it wrong are much to blame;
And when 'tis slighted it will shed a tear;
That's all it does, and that it can't forbear.
It plays no foolish trick, nor childish game,
'Tis ever like itself, and still the same;
'Tis constant, steady, resolute and bold,
And groweth sweeter, as it waxeth old.
And when it goes to its desired thing,
It always rides upon the swallow's wing;
And while 'tis going, thinks an hour a day,
But when 'tis there, forgets to come away:

For there it meets with what it use to crave,
 It's All is there, and more it cannot have ;
 Now short eternities in silence run,
 And time proceeds as if there were no sun.
 Absence is hard to bear, it often goes
 Upon its mental feet, tho' walls enclose
 Its grosser parts, yet thought this figment gives,
 'Tis where it loveth, more than where it lives.
 And those who grieve this dove, can seldom
 find
 Much peace or satisfaction in their mind ;
 And if its mother stops its harmless breath,
 It hath a father to revenge its death.

Upon the Proclamation of the KING.

HERE's welcome news to *English Jews*,
 GEORGE LEWIS is proclaim'd,
 Whilst *Lewis Grand* has lost command,
 And *Perkin's* glory stain'd.
 Good men did pray for this good day,
 Some call't the day of doom ;
 Yea, some complain, and others feign,
 King GEORGE will come too soon.

Had

FOR CHILDREN.

63

Upon the Proclamation of the King.



F 2

64 SPIRITUAL SONGS

Had the Pretender come to rule,
 High church had clamour'd loud;
 And ev'ry ass upon a mule
 Had rode amongst the crowd.
 And now, alas ! 'tis come to pass,
 That fear doth them annoy ;
 Their bells do ring, a *Luth'ran* king,
 Which makes but trembling joy.
 'Tis strange indeed, 'twould make one bleed,
 To think how *Tories* sung,
 When peace advanc'd the pride of *France*,
 But now they are struck dumb.
 Religion makes their joints to shake ;
 They fear the truth will tread
 Their errors down upon the ground,
 And bruise the serpent's head.
 Now let the King for ever live,
 The faithful to protect ;
 Let honest hearts high praises give
 To him that's King elect.
 We hope to see the gospel free
 Under his crowned head ;
 Let him be blest with all the best,
 And let his foes lie dead.
 There was a noise of *Romish* toys,
 That noise begins to cease ;

We do not fear that foppish geer
Will grow upon the peace.
For tho' of late Kings did not hate
The *Babylonish* whore,
The time draws nigh, when she must lie
Lamenting in her gore.
How hard would *England's* fate have been
If we had play'd the fool,
To chuse a prince for our defence,
That's nothing but a tool?
If that dark son should come to reign
Which doth thereto aspire;
Then we must go to mass again,
Or else to scorching fire.
Our bibles must be torn away,
Our teachers teach no more,
Our children must become a prey,
Our grandees soon made poor.
Let ev'ry christian then adore
The providence of God,
Which hath in time heal'd *England's* fore,
And burnt the wicked's rod.

Upon the Crowning the King.



Upon the Crowning the KING.

GREAT prince, and hero in the rolls of fame,

Empal'd with diadems, to keep your name ;
Oppress'd with joy, some spiracle would find,
Returning praise to the eternal mind ;
Great in your royal Self, and issue bright ;
Elector, King, Protector, all by right :
Legal possessor of the *British* throne,
Emerging when our hopes were almost gone,
With much dilating joy you do us fill,
In all your conduct and renowned skill,
Still guided by the great *Jehovah's* will. }

An

An Elegy upon the sudden Death of
Mrs. Nicholas Chamberlain.



*An ELEGY upon the sudden Death of my
very loving and much lamented Friend,
Mr. NICHOLAS CHAMBERLAIN.*

WHAT! dead and gone, a strange amazing thing;
A sudden stroke may all thy mourners sing:
I hardly think it should be so indeed,
But when I think again it makes me bleed.
To know the truth of all, I touch'd the place
Where I was wont to see that smiling face,
Which never put a righteous man in fear,
But when I came, I could not find thee there.
Now since the sad report is true, and none
Can once make up the breach, but God alone;
It doth behove the living left behind
To pray that they may be as well inclin'd.
Thy loving wife hath lost an husband dear,
Thy children stripped of a father's care;
But yet thro' mercy they have something still,
Besides the substance left them in thy will:
Thy mantle of instructions which did fall,
And good examples set before them all;
May they by these, and such as these, be won,
To keep an house for God as thou hast done:
"Twas

'Twas not an empty house, but fill'd with love,
The wheel which makes all other wheels to
move;

Plain *Jacob's* dealings lodged on thy ground,
Whilst *Esau's* compliments no favour found.
Thou didst the fundamental truths embrace,
The sound that pleas'd thee was the sound of
grace;

The voice of strangers was no joy to thee,
But to the saints, as saints, thy heart was free.
The loss of worldly things did seldom make
Thy countenance to change, or hand to shake,
Much less to wither in the work of God,
And few can stoop, like thee, to kiss the rod.
And though thy sudden death doth make us
stand

Admiring at the great *Jehovah's* hand;
'Tis no new thing, 'twas so in former time,
Good *Eli's* was as sudden death as thine.
The ark of God was gone, and then he fell,
Yet still his God was there, so all was well.
As thou hast help'd the ark in time of need,
We hope 'twill stay with those that shall suc-
ceed.

But what is man? the best of men must die;
Death giveth no respite, nor tells a lie:

For

For dust thou art, is what it speaketh plain,
And therefore thou must turn to dust again.
There's no discharge, from this no man is free,
Both rich and poor must bow to this decree ;
It is appointed, purpose makes it sure,
And none but Christ can make our life secure.
To be in Christ is all, for those that are
Bone of his bone, the Lord doth still prepare
To yield to death, let death come ne'er so soon,
And ev'ry blow it gives comes softer home.
Sometimes the vital cords are cut so fast,
There is no space to speak of what is past,
Nor time to talk of what is coming on,
But yet in Christ believers work is done.
And what if Christ will snatch the soul away,
And in a moment loose it from its clay ?
Shall we prescribe a rule to him, who is
Above all rules of ours in saving his ?

The E P I T A P H.

YOU that pass by this place may think on
me,
For as you are, so once you did me see ;
What I am now will quickly be your doom,
My house is strait, but by my side there's room.
And

The Epitaph.



And if your dust should fall into my grave,
'Tis no great matter, ev'ry man shall have
His very dust, and neither new, nor more,
For he that made it keeps it all in store.

*The Saints great Delight in their Heavenly
Mansion.*

AS I was musing much upon the ground,
Whilst clouds and darkness did involve
me round,

All on a sudden I was made to hear
A noise of musick from the upper sphere.
At first I could not tell distinctly what
The meaning was, but there was joy begot,
Which made me think it was the sound of men,
Because my soul did sympathize within.
And list'ning still to hear the musick play,
I heard one of the chief musicians say,
I am the man God did in *Eden* place,
And there I saw much of my maker's face;
But yet one day with Jesus, I declare,
Is better than ten thousand could be there;

G

For

The Saints great Delight in their Heavenly
Mansion.



For there my life was put in my own hands,
But here I live because my Jesus stands.
And *Abel* just, whom cruel *Cain* did kill,
He sweetly praises his redeemer's will,
In this, that tho' his father first did hear
Reports of glory, he first landed there.
Good *Abram*, who was once enrich'd with gold,
And faith more precious too, as we are told
Would not exchange the blessed life of fight
For faith, nor gold, nor kingdoms, if he might.
And holy *Job* hath rich and poor forgot,
And left his substance with his flesh to rot;
The change is come which he did much desire,
His feet are wash'd, and now he scorns the mire.
Plain hearted *Jacob*, he is full of love, .
The thought of mercy makes his soul to move;
His constant song is, How comes this about,
That I am here, and *E/sau* is shut out?
He ne'er procur'd a blessing by a lye,
But in his dealing more sincere than I.
Tho' *Moses* rul'd, and was in ruling great,
And gave the law to thousands at his feet;
For him to dwell with Christ an hour, is more,
Than forty years with *Israel* was before.
King *David* he was sweet'y skill'd in verse,
And did therein God's noble acts rehearse;

Yet he is better pleas'd with heaven's Quire,
Than with the temple, once his great desire :
For where he singeth now, he's free from sin,
And none but saints can bring their cymbals in,
And *Solomon*, who had a heaven here,
Whose wisdom made his vanity appear ;
He would be loth to come from Jesu's side,
Though *Pharaoh's* daughter might be made his
bride.

And Christ the Lord, who in his godhead was
Eternal, boundless, all perfection has ;
Yet in his manhood he was glad when he
Was going hence his father's throne to see ;
And tho' he has great glory round his seat,
He's longing still to see his saints compleat.
Sometimes poor *Peter* stumbled on a stone,
But he sings clearer when he thinks thereon :
It gives a deeper impress on his mind,
To think he's there, and *Judas* left behind.
Beloved *John*, on whom the Lord did shine,
In teaching him the things that are divine ;
Love dwelt in him, while he on earth did
range,

But now he dwells in love, this is the change.
And blessed *Paul*, who did free grace exalt,
Is got above the thorn that did assault

His

His flesh whilst here, and now he freely may
Dwell in that place, where once he might not
stay :

He had a fight before, but could not tell
The language there, but now he knows it well.
The tempted soul that never could be quiet,
Is there advanc'd out of the devil's fight ;
And if he could peep in, to see their joy,
His angry looks would not their peace destroy ;
For he is not so black with all his spite,
But Jesus Christ their love is yet more white.
The captive soul that was long bound in thrall,
And stood in fear, lest it should get a fall,
Is mounted there above the reach of sin,
And none flows out, because there's none with-
in.

The needy saint that often wanted bread,
Is richly fill'd, for there's the fountain head ;
And those that suffer'd here, by grievous pain,
Have all their health restor'd to them again.
Reproached saints whom wicked men did jeer,
Out of their honour, always find it here ;
For Jesus Christ he blest them, and then,
The holy angels always says, amen :
Then let my soul approach this happy place,
Where glory is the consequence of grace.

A Reflection upon Christmas Feast.



*A Reflection upon CHRISTMAS
FEAST.*

IN winter time, when snow was deep,
And furr'd with icy dew ;
As I went on along the street,
I heard a noisy crew :
Some sung like drunkards at their cup,
And some like cut-throats swore ;
Some challeng'd fatan to come up,
But he was there before.
I asked one the reason why,
They danc'd about their crime ;
He told me, Sin had leave to fly
Abroad in Christmas-time.
Is this your Christmas-time ? said I,
The name thereof declares
This grand invention is a lye,
And one of *Babel's* wares :
You join the sacred name of God
With mas's that idol vain ;
And so in serving Christ, you nod
To bring the Pope again.
As for the time that Christ was born,
It is an hidden thing ;

Some

Some say it was in *Capricorn*,
And some say in the *Spring*:
Some bring *September* to the quest,
Yet this doth not appear;
But in my judgment, they think best,
Who think on't all the year.
If Christ the Lord had thought it fit,
That we should keep a day;
He would no doubt have fixed it,
But in a better way.
And though some men endow'd with pelf,
Run round like horse and mule;
If Christ had kept the time himself,
That might have been a rule.
Devised worship blames the Lord,
Doth not obedience shew,
It hath no pattern in the world,
And therefore can't be true.
But *Christmas-Worship*, what is that?
The vilest of our way;
You drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
And then rise up to play.
When *Moses'* people made a calf,
And did to drinking fall,
They seem'd to give *Jehovah* half,
You give him none at all.

Suppose

Suppose a Pagan should come in,
To see your way of mirth,
When a'l your cups are fill'd with sin,
To celebrate Christ's birth :
Might he not tremble at your feast,
And think Christ worse by odds,
Than *Baal*, *Mo'ock*, and the rest
Of his pollur'd Gods ?
Was Christ a gamester, when did he
To cards or dancing lead ?
Was musick found upon the ground,
Where he five thousand fed ?
Did *Paul* or *Peter* e'er ordain,
Such feasting once a year ?
The poor do in the land remain,
And always want good cheer.
The rich have a'l things at their will,
The poor still live in pain ;
But most will call those men that shall
Do so to them again.
And after all, there is no good
Can from such feasting flow ;
Because that drunken neighbourhood
Doth make contention grow.
And he that doth respect the needs
Of some poor guests of his,

- Shall

82 SPIRITUAL SONGS

Shall be abus'd by those he feeds,
 What vanity is this?
 But yet if I be call'd to feast,
 Where I shall have no foe;
 I can receive what I like best,
 And let old *Christmas* go.

A WEDDING SONG.

THE great Creator formed one
 Of dust, and then he said,
 It is not good to be alone;
 I'll make an help for thee.
 A second self I'll make for thee,
 Who shall thine image bear;
 And she a constant help shall be,
 In all thy work and care.
 How happy were this lovely pair,
 Whilst they in *Eden* stood!
 But by their sin they did bring in,
 Transgression like a flood.
 This flood hath overflow'd the name,
 Of *Adam's* human blood,

Which

A Wedding Song.



Which once was pure, but now,
No drop of it is good.
If *Adam* eat at *Eve's* request,
And by that eating fall;
He'll lay the fault upon the best,
That never sinn'd at all.
If *Eve* be taxed for the same,
And can't from justice flee;
The serpent then must bear the blame,
For he beguiled me.
How happy had this couple been,
Had they agreed as far,
To keep the peace which they were in,
As they agreed to jar!
This jar has crack'd the world so wide,
Behold how man is cross'd!
The joy that finds the man and bride,
By man and wife is lost.
Since both agree to gain this loss,
Which neither would confess;
Let both agree to bear the cross,
The weight shall be the less.
And notwithstanding all that's done,
By satan, world, and sin:
If both be found in God's dear son,
Then both will live to him.

If

If both agree in Christ to live,
And both in Christ to die ;
The grace that both shall then receive
Will make them both comply.
All little wrongs will be forgot,
And great ones shan't appear ;
When both shall stand in *Jacob's* lot,
No *Leab* shall be there.

On the Day of Judgment.

WHEN God will look upon us all,
With smiling in his face,
Then we shall know we are in him,
Supported by his grace.
This is a thing, and new to me,
That God hath now begun,
And by his grace now I can see
The glory of the Son.

H

On

On the Day of Judgment.



Remember your Creator.



Remember your Creator, &c. Eccles. xii.

CHildren, to your creator, God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.
The memory of his mighty name,
Demands your first regard ;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
'Till you have lov'd the Lord.
Be wise, and make his favour sure
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decays.
No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.
Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never spares.
What will you do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without

Without one beam to chear your hearts,
From the superior skies?
How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tottering weight?
Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?
The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.
Laden with guilt, (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

F I N I S.